CRASHING TOGETHER IN A FOG.

THE TWO STEAMERS OF THE STONING-TON LINE COLLIDING OFF

OF THE 300 PASSENGERS ON THE NAR-

CORNEIRLD LIGHT.

e Steamer Ablane within a Few Moments
of the Shock and Burned to the Water's
Edge in an Hour—A Terrible Scene
Amid the Rushing Flames and in the Black
Water—Mothers Torn from their Children,
Husbands from their Wives—The Rescue
by the Steamer City of New York—List of

not lift for two hours after daybreak. Veiled in this fog the two steamboats, approaching from opposite directions, crashed into one another. The Narragansett left her wharf in New York at the close of the afternoon. The Stonington left her wharf in Stonington several hours later. There was a heavy fog the whole length of the Sound when the Stonington started. This same fog overcrept the Narragansett. Both steamers plunged on at a good are agoed and trusting to the accurate hearing of their pilots and masters to find them a safe way. Every half minute the whistles shrieked forth their harsh notes. To an inexperienced person the sound of a fog whistle seems to come from all points of the compass. The faint sound of the Btonington at a point just beyond the Stonington at a point just beyond the Btonington at a point just beyond the miles west of the mouth of the Connection the seems of the settlement.

We shall make a full examination into the accident at the carliest notice. Werekers and decident at the carliest notice. Werekers and a make a full examination into the accident at the carliest notice. Werekers and drivers have been ordered from New York and New London to proceed at once to the wreck and may be still in the wreck. The carliest notice. Werekers and drivers have been ordered from New York and May London to proceed at once to the wreck and may be still in the wreck. The carliest notice. Werekers and drivers have been ordered from New York and May London to proceed at once to the wreck and may be still in the wreck. The carliest notice. Werekers and drivers have london to proceed at once to the wreck and may be still in the wreck. The carlies not proceed once in the wreck. The carlies notice. Werekers and draws hew London to proceed at once to the wreck and make a full examination into the accident at the carliest notice. Wereker and make a full examination hew Yorks and make a full examina miles west of the mouth of the Connecticut River, and about five miles from the Connecticut shore. The Narragansett's signal said to bear to the left. The Stonington anwith the same signal. The signals sounded as if there was a good distance east such a distance, and if each vessel steered to other safely by. But in a moment more the and they were going in the same course in meett was thrown sharp about, which brought her broadside to the Stonington. The Stonington plunged on and struck her on the starboard quarter, just in front of the wheel.

The shock was terrific. It shock the Stoning-

on, which struck point on, in such a way as to throw all her sleeping passengers out of their perths. It ripped open a great hole in her bow, had been heavy she must have gone down. At stantly extinguished. Passengers found themdarkness. The side of the boat was ripped sank immediately. A fire also broke forth, and orthest all the parts of the vessel remaining ank in shallow water. She must have settled ipon some bar, for the water rose only just high enough to submerge the saloon deck. The upper deck would have afforded a safe asylum

had it not been for the fire.

There are various theories as to the origin of he fire. It seems reasonable to suppose that uch a shock as the Narragansett got would have shaken the living coals from their furnace beds and scattered them far and wide. It is also true that when furnace beds become suddenly submerged the fire, inasmuch as the natural draft is suddenly shut off or reversed, is driven back out of the flues, as if whipped by a tempest. The tongues of flame leap far out, and lay flerce hold of whatever inflammable material may be within their reach.

Many of the passengers on board the Narragansett waited neither for the sinking nor for the fire. In sudden terror they leaped into the sea and becoming benumbed and exhausted sank before the arrival of aid. It was in this manner, undoubtedly, the greater loss of life Most of those who waited were saved. Immediately upon the shock the majority of

the passengers climbed upon the top deck. The boat sank, but it fortunately soon struck bottom, and they were still safe. The fire broke It raged so flercely to leeward that the boats on that side could not be lowered. But the boats to windward were successfully le into the water-all save one, which was awamped with a considerable company. The life rafts were pushed overboard. They proved the salvation of scores. Two of them were on the boat. They are about twenty feet long and ten wide. They are so arranged that it does not matter which side comes uppermost when they are tossed into the sea. Each side is provided with sweeps, which are lashed on firmly, with benches, and with guards to break off the waves. The rafts are constructed of air-tight metal caps and platforms of wood. The passengers swarmed upon them when the fire burst forth in the Narragansett. but they bore up taut and lightly. Passengers lashed themselves in life jackets also and, so protected, leaped into the water to avoid

the fire. Meanwhile, assistance was at hand. THE RESCUED IN STONINGTON.

Bodies Picked up by Various Vessels-The Company's Efforts.

STONINGTON, June 12 .- Assistant Super-Intendent of the Stonington Line, Giles F. Ward, was seen early this evening. His face was flushed with excitement and his voice tremulous. He was writing at his deak, which he had not left, he said, since early in the morning. "Good God, gentlemen," he said to the dozen reporters who had pushed into his of-I have had all I could do to look after the dead and the dying without paying any attention to particulars. All I know is that, about 12 o'clock last night, two of our boats, the Narragansett and the Stonington, one coming from, the other going to New York, crashed into each other in the densest fog that was ever experienced on the Sound. The Narragansett swung off with a fatal wound, and began to fill speedily. As she sank below her level of course the water rushed in upon the fires, and then came a terrible explosion of gas. The boat was soon wrapped in flames, but she sank before much injury, I think, was done by the configgration. She went down almost entirely out of sight. The Stenington lay by for several hours to rescue the survivors if there were any that had not been picked ur. I don't know how many passengers the Narragansett had on board. The Captain Young! I have not seen as he has been all day at the wreck, and none of his officers have been in Stonington. He is still down at the wreck, and will stay there until to-morrow. The list of passengers has gone down with the boat.

"No one ever saw anything like so dark a fog as shut down off the coast just before the collision. It was absolutely impenetrable. Many here told me that a terrific thunder storm was sovering in the sky, and either had broken or was about to break when the two boats shot through the fog upon each other. Everything was done. I think, by the officers and men of the Kayragansett to save the passengers, and I flagration. She went down almost entirely

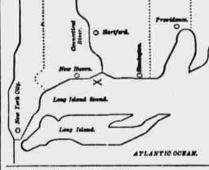
soon as we heard the news of the loss and the awful position of the passengers the company went to work and used every facility for rescuing the living and for the recovery of the dead. I sent the company's steamboat Electra, Capt. Griffin, at once to the scene of the wreck. The tug Gen. A. E. Burnside was also despatched. Twelve dead bodies have thus far been recovered. A fishing smack recovered six bodies and conveyed them into port at East Lyme. I know not the names. Many of them were almost entirely naked. I telegraphed the authorities at Lyme to take every care of the dead, to put them on lee, and hold them for identification by friends. The Electra picked up one body, the Stonington brought to this place three more, and the Burnside recovered two bodies, all of which were at once placed on lee and a Coroner's jury impansiled, who returned a verdict in accordance with the facts.

NO LIST OF THE SAVED.

Water-Mothers Term from their Children,
Husbands from their Wives-The Hescue
by the Steamer City of New York—List of
the Lest and Saved as Nearly as It Can be
Ascertained—A Mother Fails Dend on Hearing Failse News—A Man Shoots Himself.
Nearly at midnight on Friday the two
large steamboats of the Stonington line came
in collision in Long Island Sound. Both boats
were crowded with passengers. Competition
had driven the fare between New York and
Boston, by way of the Sound, down to \$1. Many
poor persons took advantage of the small fare,
and all the boats since the reduction have carried
large crowds. On Friday night there was a
Gense fog, which swept in from the sea, and did
not lift for two hours after daybreak. Veiled in
We shall make a full examination into the

Twelve bodies are all of the dead of which Assistant Superintendent Ward has any knowledge. He asserts that he can form no estimate of the number of the dead until the sunken

steamboat is raised. THE SCENE OF THE COLLISION.



X-Where the collision occurred.
THE STONINGTON'S INJURIES.

X—Where the collision occurred.

THE STONINGTON'S INJURIES.

Buperintendent Ward says that the Stonington is not so much damaged as was at first thought. Her bow struck the Narragansett amidship on the starboard side of the huil, forward of the wheel. The Stonington was struck fairly on her bow, which was much splintered, and about eight feet of the bulwarks were carried away. She received no vital injury, as can be seen by the fact that she started for New York at 5 o'clock this evening with a full cargo of freight. While she lay at the wharf to-day she was the object of a morbid curiosity that drew thousands about her. That's the craft that did all the mischief,' said a score or more of citizens and boatmen to-day. All that was visible of her injuries was a yawning hole in her bow that was girt about with splintered boards and match work.

John Conrody, wheelsman of the steamer City of Boston, who lives in Norwich, and Joshua E. Aldrich of the same boat, say that when they made Stratford, a dense fog settled down, veiling the sky and shutting out the lights. They made Cornfield lightship at aboutly after 11. They whistled and watted a long time for the bell of the lightship. At length it was sounded, and they went on. Just then they discerned the lights of the Narragansett, three miles astern. Just east of Cornfield they passed the Stoninaton, and then the City of New York, and had no difficulty in discerning the lights of the Stoninaton and hen the City of New York, and had no difficulty in averai hours after reaching their destination.

Mr. Aldrich says that a fortnight ago, off Cornfield Point, the steamboats Stoninaton and Narragansett came within a few feet of collision. A thick fog skirted the water, but reached scarcely twenty feet above the deck. Above the stars were seen shining. It was only pure accident, says Mr. Aldrich, that the disaster of last night was not anticipated by two weeks. Neither saw the other's lights.

This morning the steamboat Ella, in the fruit trade between Greenport and Stonin

All day crafts of every description have come into New London bringing parts of the wreck. The fishing steamer William Spicer arrived at 5 o'clock with miscellaneous driftwood and a stack of life preservers from the wreck. The Captain says that this morning he picked up the body of a sandy-whiskered elderly man, who was dressed snugly in an old pair of trousers. He put the body ashore at East Lyme.

trousers. He but the body ashore at East Lyme.

aThe afternoon Shore Line train from New York, going to Providence, left New London at 5 o'clock this evening with several survivors, who had been taken to New York on the City of New York, and were on their way to their homes in Boston. It was an affecting scene on board the train. A little flaxen-haired, brown-eyed girl, only three years old, was pratiting on a seat. Some one had given her a banana, and she played as she ate it. Her mother lay dead on a siab in Stonington, and friends were taking her to her home in Boston. How she got from the burning steamer into the water no one knew; but a stalwart man had been the savior of her life. It was Mr. T. D. Cook, a caterer, of Boston.

from the burning steamer into the water no one knew; but astalwart man had been the savior of her life. It was Mr. T. D. Cook, a caterer, of Boston.

Said he: "I jumped overboard shortly after the crash, and was soon pleked up. As we were rowing to the City of New York I saw the little girl floating face downward. She was almost naked. I pulled her into the boat, and she was senseless till we got her on board the steamboat and with much difficulty brought her back to life. Her mother, it appears, had been rescued by the Stonington, and she ran up the salcon crying for her child. A thoughtless person told her the little girl had been drowned. She stared steadily in the face of the informer, gave a little cry, and fell back a corpse. Her body went to Stonington and the little flaxenhaired girl went on to New York. A kind lady, as auryivor of the wreck, Mrs. Frederick Alfred of Boston, produred the child a coarse frock. No shoes could be obtained, and the child's bare feet pattered up and down the aisle of the car. Mrs. Alfred said that her husband, who was on the boat and barely escaped with his life, thought that he could find the residence of the child's parents were wealthy, but she was without a hat to cover her curis. No one knew her name. Mr. Alfred, who is of Boston, was without hat, coat, or vest. He became separated from his wife in the confusion, and he jumped overboard, His wife, a plucky looking fair-faced lady, who played with the little girl, when she found her husband was in the water, ran to the edge of the upper dock, and graspling a rope that some one had knotted about the rail and left dangling over the waves, she dropped from the deck, and band over hand went down the rope into the water. She was picked up soon and reunited to her husband.

P. M. Forward, another passenger on the Marragansett, is a commercial traveller of the Boston firm at 62 and 64 Summer street. He sprang into the water and swam for ten minutes before the New York ploked him up. While in the years and went before the New Yo

Mey ware all that he bard some one on the full ware and the hard some one on the full ware and the hard some one on the full ware and the hard some one on the full ware and the hard some one of the full ware and the hard some one of the full ware and the hard some one of the full ware and the hard some one of the full ware and the hard ware and the har

constitution, and the exposure in the chilly waters had utterly prostrated him, He was taken to Stonington on the steamboat of that name, but died shortly after rescue and before reaching shore. He was engaged to preach at Westerly, R. I., tomorrow. Every means had been tried to resuscitate him. He was unconscious when taken from the water. The body of Mr. Lockwood was removed to Newport to-day by a young man who claimed to be a friend of the dead man. (Norg.—The Rev. Ensign B. Lockwood was for the last two years pastor of the Sixty-eighth Street M. E. Church, New York. He was unmarried, and aged 26 years. He attended the school of Alonzo Flack, Claverack, N. Y., and aubsequently graduated at the Drew Theological Seminary. He was born in Mechanicaville, Saratoga County, where his widowed mother and sisters still live. He started for Boston with the idea of returning in time for his Bible class on Tuesday. The Rev. J. P. Newman of the Central M. E. Church, who married Mr. Lockwood's aunt, telegraphed yesterday for the body, which was to be taken to his parsenage, 60 Seventh avenue, instead of to Mr. Lockwood's boarding house, 146 West Fifty-third street.

Only one other body here has been recognored.

street.
Only one other body here has been recognized. Dr. Stanton of Stonington has taken descriptions of the bodies in the interest of the

AS SEEN FROM THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Two Great Steamboats Croshing Into One Another-A Terrible Midnight Scene. When, between 10 and 11 o'clock on Friday evening the steamboat City of New York left her moorings at New London, it was in a dense sea for and not the light film which a warmer land breeze occasionally blows out over the water. The lights at Groton, just across the river, might have been fireflies, they were so pale and intermittent. The beat sprang out into the thick weather lustily, seemingly at her usual speed. In a minute or two the lights of the town were obliterated. Presently a faint irradiation of the fog appeared in front, and the steamboat swept by a lightship, with its hoisted cage of fire. After for nearly an hour there were no more lights. Every thirty seconds, perhaps, the steam whistle sounded a brace of warning notes in a low key that made the fog vibrate. Once in a while an answer from a remote point crept back laboriously. The running, of course, was done by compass. At intervals a bit of gunpowder was flashed on top of the

of course, was done by compass. At intervals a bit of gunpowder was flashed on top of the wheelhouse, which made the walls of the fog sparkle.

At the end of an hour a second light glanced like a ghost out of the shadows; it was the Cornfled Lightship, which lies a little west of the mouth of the Connecticut. By this time it was midnight, and most of the City of New York's passengers had retired. Only three remained on the after saloon deck. One of these was a woman. A steward, finding nothing more to do inside, had come out and stretched himself on a bench under the lee of the saloon wail, and was enjoying a pipe and a sort of half nap. These four persons were nearly all who were stirring in the upper part of the boat. The rest had retired to their staterooms or rolled into their bunks on the deck below. The three passengers who still clung, spite of the hour and the conditions, tenaciously to the fog-soaked benches aft noticed a faint light of an orange color stealing around the broad abutments made by the paddle-boxes. It grew momentarily stronger and spread out further slong the horizon of fog. The three passengers wentured to ask him what he thought it might be, and got some curt sarcasm for his pains. It speedilig grew to be a wonderful light. The steamboat seemed to be running, head on, into the aurors borealis. The fog all about turned to the hard-red color of Roman gold, and its moist rifts and spirals gorgeously rolled and gambolled with one another.

Out of this luminous vision the indescribably harsh notes of a fog whistie issued all at once, if the passen is the plot house of the City of New York, a wiry rattle ran down into the bowels of the boat, and a clang arose from the brases in the boat, and a clang arose from the brases in the boat, and a clang arose from the brases in the boat, and a clang arose from the brases in the boat, and a clang arose from the brases in the boat, and a clang arose from the brases in the boat, and a clang arose from the brases in the boat, and a clang arose from the

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, JUNE 13, 1880.

was picked up by a boat.

The Rev. E. B. Lockwood of the Sixty-eighth Street Methodist Church, who was on his first trip East, jumped into the water, and was rescued after long exposure. He was of slight constitution, and the exposure in the shifty waters had utterly prostrated him. He was taken to Stonington on the steamboat of that name, but died shortly after rescue and before reaching shore. He was engaged to preach at Westerly, B. L. chemorrow, Every means had been tried to resustant in the water. The body of Mr. Lockwood into the water. A boat, overgrowded, swept by. holding the baby high up in her arms, dropped into the water. A boat, overcrowded, awept by. A man in it saw the baby held up by the gray-haired woman, and took it from her. Then he pulled the old lady's arm over the side of the boat, and she was towed along easily until the baby was safely disposed of, when the man jumped into the water and made her take his place in the boat. Lizzle Peal, a girl about 10 years old, from Philadelphia, sat crying uninterruptedly be-

place in the boat.

Lizzie Peal, a girl about 10 years old, from Philadelphia, sat crying uninterruptedly because she could hear nothing of Mrs. Branyan and her child, in whose company she was making the journey to Boston.

In another seat again, with his foot in still another, reposed John Ash, a hearty young fellow from New York. He came off from the wreck in one of the Stonington's boats, which was officered also by a volunteer. Ash tried to draw a woman into the boat, which was dangerously laden, and when the officer commanded him to desist he did not obey. Then the officer struck him on the head with an oar, and Ash relinquished the woman, who had a life belt and was speedily rescued by another boat. Ash had bruised his arm and his hand, and aprained his aukle. All these injured parts, including his head, were done up in bandages. The sufferer, so far from being depressed, laughed heartily at his injuries.

For an hour a man went through the saloons inquiring: "Is Mr. Chase of Georgetown aboard?" There was no answer.

Charles Kies sat cosily with his wife and baby, both of whom he had brought off safely. They were three rolls of blankets of different sizes, with smiling faces looking out at the top.

L. Holloway of Wickford, R. I., stuck to a berth, because when he jumped from the wreck his only apparel was a shirt and a tall hat.

A lad just back from a long voyage to China looked disconsolate in his blanket, He was on fire was months went down with the Narragansett.

G. Steilwag and his wife of New York hung on

looked disconsolate in his blanket. He was on his way home for a visit, and his earnings for fifteen months went down with the Narragansett.

G. Stellwag and his wife of New York hung on to the edge of one of the life rafts for one and a half hours, when they were picked up by a boat. Peter Burne of Bridgeport, Conn., James Tripp of Arlineton, Mass., and R. P. Watson of Providence made a group of three, and looked proud and happy. They were all passengers, and went in one of the boats as volunteers. They made four trips and did hard work.

Mr. Charles Gourdier brought his wife safely from the wreck. As he stood on the deck a young mother, hardly twenty feet away from him, cried out to him to save her baby. The mother could not reach the little one, who was near him. He made an effort to reach it, and had almost succeeded, when a rain of fire and coals descended upon his back, and he was forced to jump to save his own life.

After an hour or two most of those who had met with especial affliction had found privacy for their grief. Those who had lost only triffus graw talkative and cheerful. In the great saloon people and traps were wedged in promiseuously together. Blanketed forms were everywhere, crouching like Arabs for warmth and repose. The fog still hung outside, and the whistic shricked its warnings tirelessly. Just when the day was breaking the City of Norwich, a freight boat on the New London line, flashed by in the mists. The guards of the two boats were scarcely twenty feet apart at their passing. As the day grew brighter it was plain that the fog was about to be dispersed. The hot sun rolled it up at last, and the lookout forward relinquished his post with a sigh of relief.

It was a strange assemblage which poured out over the decks then. The skippers who were putting their craft up the Sound under the fresh morning wind regarded the fluttering blankets and counterpance with wonder. But when the City of New York rounded the Battery and drew up at her pler, her shipwrecked company landed almost without

A YOUNG WOMAN RECOGNIZES A THIEF.

Some weeks are a Miss Myra Thornley was robbed by Thomas H. Stevenson, a fellow ledger in a Boston bearding house, of a valuable ring. She saw nothing of him until she met him on the steambeat City of New York. She had him arrested, and on the beat's arriving here, he was handed over to the police. While waiting at the Police Central office Miss Thornley told what she knew of the collision:

Toccupied a stateroom in the middle of the City of New York with a friend, Minnie Norton. It was about 1 o'clock in the morning, and we were preparing to go to bed, when there came a great trampling and noise of people moving about over head. We hurried on deck. On the left, several hundred yards distant, was a large stambeat wrapped in flames, while another, of equal size, was apparently sinking on our right. The night was forgy, but the mist did not obscure the view. By the light of the flames we could see the passengers leaping into the water, while the air was filled with cries. They are still ringing in my ears. Our men and boats were busy rescuing all within their reach, and soon the means and groans of the rescued, as they were gradually resuscitated, made our steamboat seem like a vast hospital. The night was still, and every sound was sudible, and the death shrieks of the drowning, added to the cries and wails of those who had lost friends and relatives, combined with the reacing of the flames of the burning ship to make a pandemonium that I shall never forget. The night was still, and every sound was sudible, and the death shrieks of the drowning, added to the cries and wails of those who had lost friends and relatives, combined with the reacting of the flames of the burning ship to make a pandemonium that I shall never forget. The night was still, and every sound was sudible, and the death shrieks of the drowning, added to the cries and wails of those who had lost friends and relatives, combined with the reaction black of the drowning added to the cries for the drown in the sign THE STONINGTON'S UNDISCIPLINED CREW.

blankets and counterpanes with wonder. But when the City of New York rounded the Battery and drew up at her pier, her shipwrecked company landed almost without observation. No more than a rumor of the great disaster had reached the city, and the cast-aways brought the first news of their misfortune.

INFORMATION DENIED.

The officers of the Providence and Stonington Steamship Company, as well as those of the steams r Narraganseit, declined to say anything as to the cause of the accident, or the persons who are to be blamed. It is reported that Capt. Young of the Narragansett blames that Capt. Young of the Stonington. Another report says that both vessels were going too fast for a for. It is understood that the retigence of the official is due to the fact that

Samuel Knoof of this city, a passenger in the Stonington, says that the scene on the Stonington was one of great confusion, men fighting for the possession of the life preservers, and pushing the women aside. He went into the office of the Stonington to get aid for a friend who had teen hurt by being thrown against a bulkhead, and while he was there the cashier of the Stonington put his head into the room, and said that the Narragansett was on fire. The repir was: "Oh no, that can't be."

The erow of the Stonington did not know what to do and they asked the Captain where they should begin. The Captain, according to Mr. Knopf, was greatly excited, and said, "Oh, do as you d—n please; I don't know what to do."

Two young men swimming together toward

do."
Two young men swimming together toward
the Stonington refused assistance from a lifebost, and told those who manned the boat to
hasten to the rescus of the women and children. STORY OF THE NABRAGANSETT PREIGHT CLERK. STORY OF THE NABRAGANSETT FREIGHT CLERK.

Mr. William King, freight clerk of the Narragansett, said: "I was in my room, near where
the steamboat was struck. At that time there
were on duty the Captain, pilot, and whoelsman
in the pilot house, the bow watchman, deck
watchman, and the usual number of deck
watchman, and the usual number of deck
hands. Soon after the accident I think there
were nine boats and three rafts at work picking
up those in the water and earrying passengers.

AND THESE CENTS

| Property of the property in the property in

in the city ought to convince our renders that it is economy to purchase in this way. How many housekeepers wait from week to week until they can space or save the money to norchase necessary articles, when, by the inductments offered by Mr. Kelly, they could simply their wants at a small weekly or mornibly outlay. Many families, both weathly and poor, take advantage of this system. The stock is large and varied—dress woods, silks, reliefs, shawis, others, in linen, mohar, and grass cluths, \$1.56 to \$50, novelties in parasols, silk and serve umbrellas, 750, to \$7, 500 pieces of yavis wide printed cambris at 10c; lather and gents underwear, Ac. All goods marked in plant figures. One price only,

17. Barclay st and 22 Park place. Barclay at entraped through the book store. —4/fc.

At Lansing's Railway Ticket Office, 397 firondway, staternooms on Providence Line, Fall River Line, and all other Sound lines to Roaton, side on People's Line to Albany and Chizens' Line to Troy, secured six days in advance. Adv.

As Pleasant as Lemonade. Try Schilitine Schille Powders, now sold at all drog stores at 5 cents each, - 4/s.

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-----Complete cradication of aliments of the skin trem using Giquu's Sulphur Soap. Or druggists -